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THE TIMES-DISPATCH and Breakfast
are served together with unfailing regu-
larity in the Best Homes of Richmond.
In your morning program complete!

The Value of Knowing Spanish
WHILE we are discussing so earnestly the expansion of this country's trade relations with South America and the methods by which that expansion is to be brought about, too little attention is being paid to the study of Spanish in our schools and colleges. And yet, if we are to get South America's trade, the advance agents of our commercial army and those who direct its operations must be able to speak the language of the people with whom they deal.
We keep on devoting attention to the "humanities," so called, and if the college student pays any more than cursory attention to modern languages, French and German are nearly always selected. A knowledge of Spanish, and not only the Spanish of the classic authors, but of modern men and women, will be a very valuable accomplishment in the next few years. Young men who are arranging their college courses would do well to keep this in mind.

Tabasco Talk
AT THE opening session of the American Humane Society at Atlantic City, William O. Stillman, of Albany, denounced the European war as "fit only for the lowest levels of hell." Just now peace and humanity orators are searching their inmost shudders for tabasco talk. It's got to be hot or it will not be popular. The more times the average humanity orator can quote and improve on General Sherman, the more times he will get himself in the moving pictures of fame.
But why not be calm a bit? Editors, among others, have used up all available adjectives and drawn all possible similes, so that there is no longer novelty in superlatives. Why not put on the soft pedal and play laments in soothing minors? We are over the first shock of horror. War to-day is about as novel as any other long-sustained news of the world. Newspapers have ceased to regard a battle as cause for extras. We are down now to brass tacks, and that, briefly, is, "What is the world going to do about it?"
In the course of which discussion we will have more tabasco talk, but the question will not admit of an answer until the first move is made by some one of the warring nations.

The Colonial Pest
FOR a long time India has wanted to break lease with Britain, but has lacked the nerve. Many of the princes of India have offered money and troops to the English, but it must be remembered that these princes are the much-fed and honored Indians, and that the popular idea is always an uprising. Now the Germans are said to be quietly, but with speed, spreading news of alleged British disasters to offset the constantly favorable reports ordered printed by the British in colonial papers, and the purpose of it all is to start an uprising in India that will give John Bull pause and annoyance.
Colonial pests are disagreeable pets. It is precisely as though the United States, for instance, were seriously engaged in Mexico, and Japan or some other nation should, in aid of the Mexicans, start a diverting revolt in the Philippines. If it were possible for the Germans to stir up things in all of England's possessions outside the island, the situation would be embarrassing. John Bull would either have to divide his forces and weaken his strength in the main fight, or let his colonies drift and plan to subjugate and punish them later.
The lesson is a plain one. Fortunately, the policy and needs of this country make it only an outside study for Uncle Sam.

Back to Honorable Cotton
THE daughters of the American Revolution are threatening to wear nothing but cotton gowns. They want to see the crop moved. They figure that the mills of the South should be running full time. They want the daughters of the mills to earn a living. They see exports cut off and half-time and reduced pay staring the daughters of the mills in the face. The daughters of the Revolution feel the blood of patriots leaping in the presence of a crisis.
If the women all wear cotton, that will mean getting out the raw material, which will mean money to the grower; it will mean sending that raw material to the mills which will mean food to the millworkers; it will mean putting the finished goods on the market, and that will mean—wait a moment! What will it mean? Well, for the period of enthusiasm aroused by resolution, at least, it will mean that the goods will be sold for gowns. After that first flush of enthusiasm it may possibly mean that it will take another resolution to head off the backsliders.
No—this has been tried before. Women have resolved to boycott meat and eat nothing but tripe, but that sent tripe up so high that they had to give in to meat, all of which happened in Kansas, where there ought to be plenty of meat. And making tripe a staple, in view of the shortness of tripe compared with the rest of the beef, had a tendency to—

but what's the use? Cotton will never take place of silks, either in the market or on women's backs. We gravely fear the D. A. R. resolution is merely another enthusiastic, but instable, dream.

King to Kaiser
THE report runs that Kaiser William of Germany wrote a note in his own august handwriting to King Alfred of Belgium, in which he set forth that if a hair on the head of the Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who is said to be a prisoner in the Belgians' hands, was injured, Brussels would be demolished, or words to the same gentle effect. To this fraternal missive the gallant Belgian monarch is said to have replied that the moment the Germans began to demolish his capital would be the identical instant that would mark the departure of the hyphenated duke to whatever region is reserved for the exalted occupancy of such personages.
This interchange of royal courtesies shows us that the game of hostages can be played by others besides the Germans. The latter have revived the ancient practice of taking as pledges civilians, who are to be promptly hanged if the population of the cities in which they live do not demonstrate to the German invader the trust and courtesy to which he deems himself entitled. These hostages cannot control their fellow-citizens, but they will suffer if those citizens do not control themselves.

This taking of hostages has not made a noticeably agreeable impression on the American opinion, whose value appears to be so great in German eyes. This country has felt that in this matter, as also in the destruction of cities, reprisals were almost inevitable. King Albert's statement as to what he will do with a prisoner of high rank if the Germans attempt to demolish Brussels is only one of the signs, which will doubtless increase in number, that the Germans have set an example which may be followed by the allies to the grave discomfort of the originators.
One Lesson of the Fair
WHAT Virginia can do in the way of raising beef and dairy cattle is well illustrated by the exhibits at the State Fair. No State in the country can produce better cattle, and that Virginia does not produce more reflects no credit on our people.
Just now they are faced by a great opportunity. The food supplies of Europe have been wasted or destroyed in very great measure by the hand of war. Next year these supplies will be even more depleted, and the demand will be greater. The enormous drain on the vigorous manhood of the nations at war will prevent the planting and harvesting of a large part of the crops. Cattle and other domestic animals are being slaughtered and not replaced. The millions of men under arms and the population left at home must be fed.
It is as certain as anything can be that for the next few years the food crops will be the most profitable produced. Mankind can get along without tobacco, and can even reduce the consumption of cotton, but mankind, always and everywhere, must eat.
The farmer farther to the South makes himself a bond slave of King Cotton. When for any reason cotton's prices topple he is helpless. He raises little of the food he eats, and when his money crop fails to produce its expected revenue he finds it difficult to eat at all. In lesser degree the same thing is true of the tobacco growers in some sections of Virginia.
The lesson it all teaches is of crop diversification and food production, animal as well as vegetable, on as large a scale as the area of the farm permits. The exhibits at the State Fair press the lesson home on the farmers of Virginia.

Turpinite Reported a Failure
AFTER all the talk that has come from the seat of war about the terrible effects of the new French explosive, turpinite, reports of whole companies killed in the German trenches without a wound having been inflicted, of men seized with sudden death and frozen into immobility as they charged across a field or started to aim their rifles, it is now declared, in cablegrams from Paris, that turpinite has failed utterly.
According to these late authorities, the explosive has received adequate battlefield trial, has not produced the expected results or anything approximating them, and has been abandoned definitely.
Among the various exploits credited in this war to Lord Kitchener has been his successful insistence that the French use turpinite, after the War Office, because of turpinite's deadly and hideous effect and from humanitarian motives, had decided against it. We always doubted that story just a little, largely because of the fact that while turpinite was supposed to destroy in a breath, certain very active German armies still remained in the field.
Evidently what the inventor and press agent of turpinite claimed for it has been confused in the minds of the war correspondents with what it is actually able to accomplish. The latter factor, apparently, in the opinion of the War Office, might well be represented by zero.

Monticello Is for the Nation
NOW that Representative Jefferson M. Levy, owner of Monticello, has offered to sell the home of Jefferson to the United States, Congress should accept the offer and provide the half-million dollars Mr. Levy asks. He says the property represents the investment of a million, and if this is correct, the price, certainly, is anything but excessive.
In his letter to Secretary of State Bryan, Mr. Levy suggests that Monticello be made the Virginia home of the Presidents of the nation and be kept in readiness for their occasional occupancy. "I have always abhorred the thought of Monticello becoming a mere museum," he writes.
There is a good deal in that feeling of resentment against the application to such a use of a mansion teeming with historic associations. Monticello and the homes of other great Americans are holy ground; there is something offensive in the rather commercial atmosphere by which some of them are surrounded. The home of Jefferson should never be so entirely the home of his successors that visitors will be barred from its doors, nor should an admission fee ever be charged. Admission has always been free and invited under Mr. Levy's ownership, and any change in this respect, after the old estate has become the property of the nation, would be intolerable.

Watches Waiting for the Twenty-seventh
REAPPEARANCE of those 250,000 Russian troops that passed through Britain on their way to France.

SONGS AND SAWS

Hallelujah.
There is a glad time coming, men,
Shout, brethren! shout!
All Democrats are friends again,
Shout, brethren! shout!
Now Colonel Harvey joins the band
And shakes the presidential hand;
We're bound to win throughout the land,
Shout, brethren! shout!

The G. O. P. is on the run,
Shout, brethren! shout!
It knows we've got the battle won,
Shout, brethren! shout!
Marse Henry, too, will aid the fight,
Convinced the President was right;
Oh, what a victory is in sight!
Shout, brethren! shout!

Uncle Zach's Philosophy.
Ah ain tek much stock in dayer talk ebout
endin de wah. Ah! de fighs Ah cher seed kep
right on till de man on de ready to quit—
and he nebber was ready till de udder feller
was licked.

Investigating.
Blackstone Kont to partners—Have you in-
vestigated Mrs. Brown's case sufficiently to say
whether we would be justified in asking a
divorce?
"Partner—Well, I have asked the mercantile
agency for a report on her husband's financial
standing."

His Intentions.
A young man who had been calling rather
frequently of late on a Richmond girl was
waiting for her in her father's library the other
evening when that stern parent entered the
room.
"Young man," said the S. P., "I want to know
your intentions."
"Why," was the answer, "my present inten-
tions are to go home."
And he did.

The Belgian.
You may talk about your Frenchman,
A fighting man, that's true,
And so, likewise the German,
And sturdy Briton, too.

The Russian's prompt and ready
To heed his country's call,
But the gallant little Belgian
Is the hero 'mong them all.

THE TATTLER.
Chats With Virginia Editors
The reign of Jupiter Pluvius, with which the State Fair opened last Monday morning, was happily brief, but it did for the enlighten-
ment of the many Virginia editors who were constrained to indulge in paragraphic plean-
tries inspired by the absence from the Fair Grounds of "red likker" and malt beverages, there are still open in the city stations for the irrigation of the alimentary canal, making it possible for the State Fair visitor from the "dry" districts to enter the turnstiles with this mocking cry upon his moist lips: "Hah! John Barleycorn, I have thee on the hip!"

Reaction Toward Business
No wideawake observer can have failed to see a noticeable reaction of public opinion in this country toward business and industry as voiced by the demand for restrictive legislation and punitive prosecutions. Only a little while ago the atmosphere was saturated with denunciations of trusts and combines, and arraignments of unfair or illegal repression of competitors. Incitement to this state of public mind, moreover, came from an extremely favorable light by contrast with the recent rash and impolitic assertions of the representatives of no less than three foreign nations.—Chicago Herald.

The Voice of the People
Letters to the Editor should not be over 250 words in length, and the name and address of the writer must accompany each communication, but not necessarily for publication, but as evidence of good faith. Write on one side of the paper, and enclose stamps if manuscript is to be returned. Partisan letters concerning the European war will not be published.
Hypnotism Repudiated.
To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir,—In your humorous editorial in last Sunday's issue, calling attention to a husband's control of his wife by means of hypnotic mental action, you state that the man in question is a Christian Science practitioner of New York. I, a practitioner in either New York or Brooklyn, does not show any such name. If he was practicing under such a title he would be parading in false colors, for hypnotic practice is most odious to all Christian Science teaching, and is repudiated by all true Scientists.
Richmond, October 6, 1914. W. J. TUCKER.

The Bright Side of Life
Hadn't Sorted His Hand.
Returning from a poker party just at the time the early birds were pulling off their famous stunts, Brown was run over by a joy-ride motor car. "I got the run over," he told the attorney who visited him at the hospital. "It was sixes and fives, with a deuce to boot, and I can't remember just how they were arranged."—Judge.

Cruelty to Kettles.
An angry mother had her little son by the hand and held a menacing can.
"I'll teach you to tie a kettle to the cat's tail!" said the mother.
"It wasn't the cat," said the boy.
"No; it wasn't but it was our kettle," said the mother.—Chicago Daily News.

Break It Gently.
The young wife was endeavoring to be practical and up-to-date.
"Have you read that article on how to tell a bad egg, George?" she inquired of her husband.
"No, I haven't, dear. But my advice would be, if you have anything important to tell a Dispatch, why—break it gently."—St. Louis Dispatch.

And Welcome!
At the recent Salvation Army Congress some excellent stories were told.
The best of the best, a favorite of General Booth's, related to a certain drunkard who fell into the hands of the Salvation Army.
"He had been drunk so long," said the general, "that he was able to give us very little information about himself. Eventually, however, we discovered that he was married, and that his desertion was to a town in the Midlands. We immediately telegraphed to her: 'We have found your husband.'"
"In a very short time we got the reply: 'You can keep him!'" —Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Long, Long Ago.
Tell me the tale which to me were so dear,
Long, long ago, long ago, long ago,
Sing me the songs I delighted to hear,
Long, long ago, long ago.
Now you are come, all my grief is removed,
Let me forget that so long you have roved;
Let me believe that you love as you loved,
Long, long ago, long ago.

Do you remember the path where we met,
Long, long ago, long ago, long ago?
Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would forget,
Long, long ago, long ago.
Then to all others my smile you preferred,
Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word;
Still my heart treasures the praises I heard,
Long, long ago, long ago.
Though by your kindness my fond hopes were raised,
Long, long ago, long ago, long ago;
You by more eloquent lips have been praised,
Long, long ago, long ago.
But by long absence your truth has been tried,
Still to your accents I listen with pride,
Blest as I was when I met by your side,
Long, long ago, long ago.
—Thomas Haynes Bayly.

in attempting to run the blockade into Charleston harbor, ran against a sunken wreck and sank in five minutes. One man was lost.
Captain Edward A. Marye died in this city yesterday. He was a victim of a chronic disease contracted while in the Confederate service. He was the son of Hon. John L. Marye, of Fredericksburg. Captain Marye was a member of the Virginia convention which passed the ordinance of secession.
The Secretary of War has called into the reserve force all the cadets of the Virginia Military Institute over seventeen years of age, and invites those under that age to join also.

Current Editorial Comment

Two Nations Divided By Street
Several American towns, such as Texarkana in Texas and Arkansas and Bristol in Tennessee and Virginia, divide their allegiance between two States. In Ohio there are towns, like Bellevue, Delphos and Fostoria, which are placed in two or more counties. But a town actually divided between two nations is a real rarity. Such a place is Schuylt, in the Vosges. It is situated on one of the important mountain passes, and the international boundary lies along its principal streets. On the east side of the street is Germany; on the west is France. What has the war brought to this little mountain village? Are the French citizens and the German citizens shooting at each other across the street? Or are they all in sympathy with one or the other of the hostile nations, and fraternizing in disregard of the invisible line on the cobblestones? When the war is over there should be highly interesting stories out of many little places, which have romances of their own to tell. In Schuylt, perhaps, the son of the French innkeeper is in love with the daughter of the German burgomeister.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Belgians' Sense of Propriety
The Belgian commission which came to lay before President Wilson the official statement of the Belgian government about alleged German atrocities has sailed for Europe. During its stay in this country the commission acted with singular and gratifying discretion. The members confined themselves to their official mission. Although they visited various cities of the country, they made no effort to conduct a pro-Belgian propaganda. Such well-balanced discretion, while fortunately not an exception in the conduct of foreign representatives in this country, is at the present moment, there is an extremely favorable light by contrast with the recent rash and impolitic assertions of the representatives of no less than three foreign nations.—Chicago Herald.

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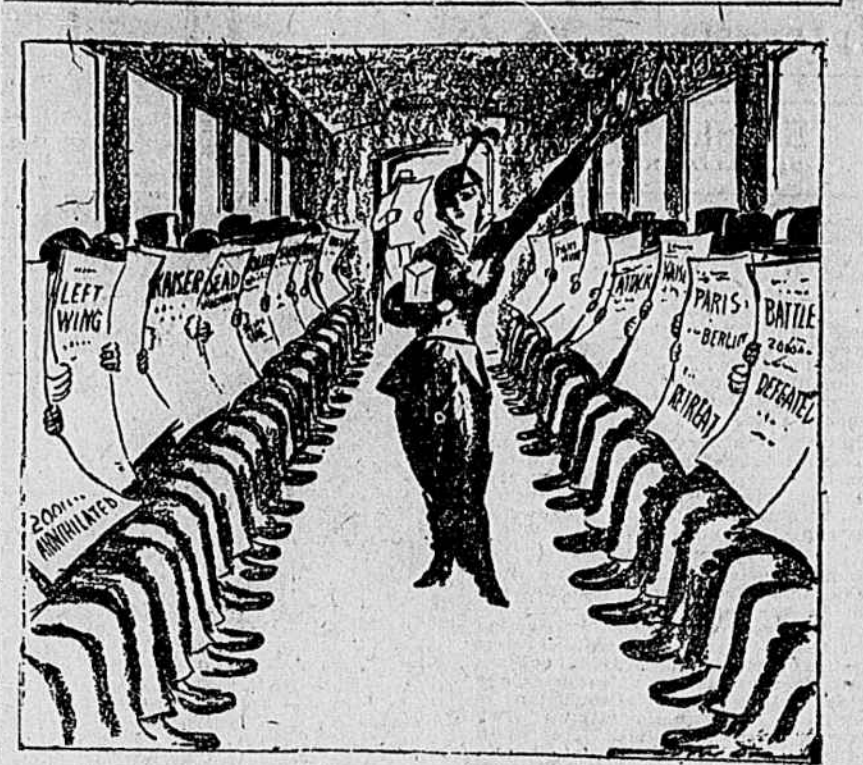
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LEFT AT THE STRAP
ONE OF THE DAY'S BEST CARTOONS



Troopers' Letters From the Front

LONDON, October 6.—Letters from the front, arriving now in London, sent back by the troops in the trenches to relatives at home, give some interesting sidelights on the war.
A young officer, who has seen the whole course of the campaign from the landing of the British troops, writes:

"I wish you would try to make the people in England understand that they should be exceedingly thankful that they are living on an island and not in the midst of the dreadful things which are happening on the Continent. Do enforce upon the public that England must fight this thing out, and must conquer even if it has to spend the blood of its young men like water. It will be far better that every family throughout England should have to sorrow for one of its members than that England should have to go through similar ordeals to those which Continental countries are suffering."
"The sight of old women and men fleeing from village to village; young men with babies in their arms, with their few personal effects on their backs, in some fortunate cases, with their goods and chattels surrounding the aged and infirm, and away in an old farm cart, drawn by a single horse, able to be of service to the state; this is what one has seen daily. Picture to yourselves our night marches with our baggage on all sides, set fire to by German shells, and the German have been rather careless whether their shells struck fortified and defended positions or open ones. In some cases, where there were caused intentionally by marauding patrols."
"Do not imagine that things are not going well with us. We are all satisfied and confident of the end, but, at the same time, the only possible end can be gained by sacrifice on the part of those at home only. All is well with me personally; I have a busy time, but it is most interesting work."

"I am a Cavalry Guardsman, writing of the fighting near the forest of Compiègne, compares the sight of the German men issuing from the trees to a cup of snow at the Crystal Palace.
"You couldn't miss them. Our bullets plowed into them, but still they came for us. I was well intrenched, and my rifle got so hot I could hardly hold it. I was wondering if I should have enough bullets, when a pal shouted, 'Up, Guards, and at 'em.' The next second he was rolled over with a nasty knock on the shoulder. He jumped up and hissed, 'Let me get at them.' His language was a bit stronger than that. When we really did get the order to get at them, we made no mistake. I ran up to them. They cringed at the bayonet, but those on our left wing tried to get around us, and, after racing as hard as we could for quite 300 yards, we cut up nearly every man who did not run away."

Referring to the cavalry, he writes: "You have heard of the charge of the Light Brigade. It was nothing to our charge. Two of our fellows, who were unhurt, stood up to the attack and slash away with their swords, bringing down nine or ten of the panic-stricken devils. Then they got hold of the stirrup straps of a horse without a rider and used them as a weapon. This kind of thing was going on all day."
"In the afternoon I thought we should all get bowled over, as they came for us again in their big numbers. About 4 P. M. on Monday, when we knew they were coming, we were with them with bullets, they had another taste of the bayonet. My captain, a fine fellow, was near to me, and as he fell, he threw me down. He shouted: 'Give them the works, my boys! They are killing and wounding, I don't know, but the field was covered with them.'"
Driver W. Moore, of the Royal Field Artillery, who is now in the London hospital, gives his experience of the fighting at Mons. The letter was addressed to the superintendent of the training ship Cornwall, of which Driver Moore, who is not yet twenty years of age, is an "old boy." He was wounded in the leg by a piece of shrapnel. He said:

"It was Sunday night when we saw the enemy. We were ready for action, but were lying down to have a rest, when orders came to stand at our posts. At about 4 A. M. on Monday, when we started to fire, we were at it all day till 6 P. M., when we started to advance."
"Then the bugle sounded the charge, and the cavalry and infantry charged like madmen at the enemy. The enemy fell back about forty miles; we held at bay till Wednesday, when the enemy was reinforced."
"Then they came on to Mons, and by that time we had no more ammunition, and child out of the town. We were situated on a hill in a cornfield, and we could see all over the country. It was about 3 P. M., and we started to leave them have a welcome by blowing up two of their batteries in about five minutes. Then the infantry let go, and then the battle was in full swing."
"In the middle of the battle a driver got wounded and asked to see the colors. He was told that the colors were in the hands of the enemy. He replied: 'Tell the drivers to keep their eyes on their guns, because if we lose our guns we lose our colors.'"
"Just then the infantry had to retire, and the cavalry had to leave their guns, but the drivers were so proud of their guns that they went and got them out, and we retired to St. Quentin. We had a roll call, and only ten were left out of my battery. This was the battle in which poor Winchester (an old Cornwall boy) lost his life in trying to get the guns away."

The heroism displayed by the British troops is the subject of admiring comments in the French papers. The Liberte gives some striking examples. On October 4, the Germans in considerable force tried to dislodge a detachment of British troops. One Scottish detachment was intrusted with the task of checking the advancing Germans. The British troops succeeded in retreating in good order.
They took up a position in the first houses in the town. The Germans directed a violent fire upon the houses, which soon threatened to bury the defenders under their ruins. The German attack slackened, and the Scots realized that the enemy were preparing to take up a still better position. During the lull a Scottish sergeant who occupied a grocery district on the shelves several packets of chocolate, and turning to his men, told them: 'I'll give a bar of chocolate to every man who kills a German.' When the attack was resumed the sergeant bravely proceeded to distribute the promised rewards.

The correspondent adds that the bravery of the English is truly admirable. Although they had suffered heavily, the English never flinched an instant when informed that one of the best units had just been annihilated. The remained silent for a few seconds, and then answered with wonderful determination: "Never mind, one day we will have the best of it!"
Every newspaper is anxious to pay tribute to British bravery and prowess. After the trying retreat from Belgium, the French are delighted that the British should participate in the more congenial task of pursuing the Germans. "We are happy," says the Journal des Debats, "that, after having at one time occupied the thankless position at Mons and Cambrai, our allies have the satisfaction of being with the advancing wing of our forces on the side where most trophies have been won."

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